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SONNET.

There are no shades where there is no sun;
There is no beauty where is no shade;
And all things in two lines of beauty run,
Darkness and light, ebon and gold inlaid.
God comes among us through the shrouds of air;
And his dimmed track is like the silvery wake
Left by yon pinnace on the mountain lake,—
Fading and reappearing here and there.
The lamps and veils through heaven and earth that move.
Go in and out, as jealous of their light,
Like silvery stars upon a misty night;
Death is the shade of coming life; and Love
Years for her dear one in the holy tomb,
Because bright things are better seen in gloom.
Blackwood.

PICTURE-LIGHTS.—If the frame of a picture be (as it ought to be) considered only as an aperture, through which we see a certain portion of creation, where any given action, &c., may be supposed to happen; it must then appear evident that nothing can be more ill-judged than the practice of sacrificing all the extremities of a picture to a concentrated light upon the middle group, except where the subject makes it proper, as in Correggio's *Nativity*, and other night scenes.—BARRY.

MANNERISM.—As every excellence borders on some deformity—the simple upon the cold and inanimate; the bold and expressive, upon the blustering and overcharged; and the graceful, upon the *précieuse* and affected; and as the transitions from one to the other consists in the imprudent and indiscreet application of the *poco più, o poco meno*, the little more or little less—so it could not well be otherwise, but that the beginnings of that exaggeration, called *manner*, will be found nearly coeval with every kind of excellence, which depends upon selection and sentiment, and sometimes even occasionally existing in the same person.—BARRY.

PAINTING AND POETRY.—The words of the poet do not convey the same idea to men differently cultivated, depending on the compass of the reader's mind, while in painting and sculpture all is actually produced. Accordingly, painting is not, as has been said, a silent poem, and poetry a speaking picture; but much more truly that, painting is poetry realized, and that full, complete, and perfect poetry, is indeed, nothing more than an animated account or relation of the mere conception of a picture. What were the few touches about the brows and hair of Homer's Juno, when compared with that wonder of the world, the Statue of Phidias at Olympia? The twanging of Apollo's bow-string, when inflicting plagues on the Greeks—what ideas can this passage communicate to the bulk of readers, equal to what is produced by a single glance at the Apollo in the Belvedere?—BARRY.

* * * Not far from Naples, near Puzzuoli, there are parts of an ancient temple of the Egyptian god Serapis still standing—three beautiful columns, especially speak of its former splendor. At a considerable height, they present the curious sight of being worm-eaten; and recent careful researches leave no doubt, that the waters of the Mediterranean once covered them so high, as to bring these, their upper parts, within reach of the sea-worms. Since then the land has risen higher, but stranger still, they are by a mysterious force, once more to be submerged. Already the floor of the temple is again covered with water, and a century hence, new generation of molluscs may dwell in the same abandoned homes of their fathers, which are now beyond the reach of the highest waves. Venice also, the venerable city of the doges, sinks year after year, deeper into the arms of her betrothed bride, as if to hide her shame and her disgrace in the bosom of the

Adriatic. Already in 1722, when the pavement of the beautiful place of St. Marco was taken up, the workmen found, at a considerable depth below, an ancient pavement, which was then far below water mark. Now the Adriatic has again encroached upon the twice-raised square; at high water, magazines and churches are flooded. Not far from there, at Zara, superb antique mosaics may be seen in clear weather, under the water; and on the southern side of the island of Bragnitz, at calm sea, your boat glides over long rows of magnificent stone sarcophagi, far below the clear, transparent surface!—*De Vere's Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature.*

MODERN PAINTERS, VOL. III. The London *Literary Gazette* of March 1st, says of Mr. Ruskin's new volume, that it is one "about which no two persons will hold the same opinion; being to the reasoner, a mass of conflicting dogmas; to the man of rules, a glaring outrage upon all systems; while the artist will be astounded at the mixture of weighty sense and absurd chimera, in almost alternate passages; and the students baffled and confused, yet attracted by the wayward flow of argument, illustration, fancy, invective and declamation." Such is the key-note of four columns.

STUDY AMONG THE LEAVES.

THE THEME OF LOVE.*

Was there ever a poet who did not sing of Love? It inspired the sweetest tones of every occupant of the Poet's Corner at Westminster, whilom, and daily heads the Poet's Corner in magazine and newspaper throughout the broad country; to day—the universal harp delivering its diapasons to the skilled and unskilled—a breath of Heaven, that strikes alike the Abolian of peer and peasant, stealing as well, through the cranny of the ruin that shelters the brigand, as through the trellis palings of the poet's arbor! Love, universal Love! jeered at in the spirit of Voltaire, or canonized as the benignant intercessor by Shakespeare, Dante and his Beatrice, Petrarch and his Laura, Swift and his Stella and Vanessa, Burns and his Highland Mary, and Byron and his Guicciola. How different the passion in each! What a range from heavenly to obscene! How attempted by circumstance and disposition! Love, we may conclude, is no new theme; and many, perhaps, wonder at the way in which our poet announces it in the prologue to the volume we are:—

"Learn that to me, though born so late,
There does, beyond desert, befall
(May my great fortune make me great!)
The first of themes nung last of all,
In green and undiscovered ground,
Yet none were many others sing,
I sing the very best hymn.
Whence gushes the Pierian spring.
Then she: 'What is it dear? the Life
Of Arthur, or Jerusalem's Fall?'
Neither: your gentle self—my wife.
Young: 'My love is in full.'
'Twas fixed, with much an both sides said,
The song should have no incidents,
They are so dull, and pall, twice read:
Its scope should be the heart's events.

So we are told of what is to come, are given the key he is to strike, and a harmony commences, such as we are willing to enjoy.

* (*The Angel in the House; the Betrothal. Par la grace infinie, Dieu les mis au monde ensemble. Ronier des Dames.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1856.)

"No scene, nor art, nor plot, nor plan;
Nor aim of mine, but worth a toy :
Quit praise and blame ; and, if you can,
Do, critic, for the nonce, enjoy."

Aye, we will, and have enjoyed. The plan of the poem is something unique, to give a diversity that pleases, and allows the thoughts to wander without impairing the interest; which, with barely a story to keep it in train, depends on the surpassing charm of manner in which the rise and fluctuations of the passion as experienced by a youth are told, how he joyed, and how he suffered, and obtained a crowning bliss at last in a betrothal.*

There are twelve sections, each made up of the accompaniments, the sentences, and the ideal; the last subdivision severally containing the narration, while the various poems of the first pertain to the grand theme generally; and the sentences embody some poetic apophthegms apposite to the peculiar section of the story, and of which these may be taken as specimens:

- "Keep measure in Love? More light tell!
Thy sanctity, and make it less!
Be sure I will not love at all
Where I may not love with excess.
"Fatal in force, yet gentle in will,
Her power makes not defeats, but pacts;
For like the kindly loadstone, still
She's drawn herself by what she attracts.
"The lack of lovely pride in her
Who strives to please, my measure numbs;
And when I have her, I have her,
Whose care to please with pleasing comes.
"To love and want, ah, woe in woe;
To love and win, ah, woe in woe;
To feel so happy and to know
We're so much happier than we feel!"

We are mistaken if didactics were ever more truthful and poetic in their rendering than here. The citations will also show the kind of anti-theatrical style that the poet employs frequently—a rhetoric, that keeps the wits alive with its brilliant points; yet care is taken that they do not cause such a continual tension as may tire. The metaphor of the second "Sentence" will show what he is capable of in that way, although such glitter is not so lavishly bestowed as to appear like an attempt to pass for fine gold. The manly, straightforward acknowledgments of every symptom of the passion, pure truth ungarbed by mawkish sentiments; is the true metal of the poem.

The narrator revisits the family of a dean, after six years' absence, and finds the Dean's three daughters, whom he had parted with as girls, grown up to young ladies—Honoria, Mary, and Mildred; the last had been his pet, and now he wondered "where those daisy eyes had found their touching curve and drop." They sat "stranger than strangers," till an exchange of smiles with his old favorite brought freedom, and talk flowed on. We soon discern how the preference is going to be with the riper youth:

"And yet, when as to-day, her smile
Was prettiest, I could but note
How Honor, less admired, the while
Was lovelier, though from love remote."

Then he is asked to tea at the Dean's; where a chance of rivalry decides the preference:

"They introduced the cousin Fred
I'd heard of, Honor's favorite; grave,

* Which is to be followed by the *Esposual* in a succeeding volume.

Dark, handsome, bluff, but gently bred,
And with an air of the salt wave.
He staved, and gave his hand, and I
Stared too : then donn'd we smiles, the shrouds
Of ire, best hid when she was by.
A dark, bold, blithe, bright cloud.
Whether this cousin was the cause
I know not ; but I seemed to see,
The first time, then, how fair she was,
How much the fairest of the three."

The cousin, a naval officer, is making a parting call before joining his ship for a cruise :

"I watched her face, suspecting germs
Of love ; her fair eyes, how she plain
She loved, on the majestic terms
That she should not be loved again.
I, pluming, longed to plead his part ;
But scarce could tell, so strange my whim,
Whether the weight upon my heart
Was sorrow for myself or him."

There is something Shaksperian in such analytical subtlety. They meet next in the garden, and could anything be more natural than this epitome of incidents ?

"Her sisters in the garden walked,
And would I come ? Across the hall !
She took me : and we laughed and talked
About the Flower-show and the Ball ;
Their beauty and wondrous prize,
That was exultantly given to me
For 'Jones on Wilshire Butterflies.'
How rude ! And so we paced the lawn,
Close cut, and with geranium plots,
A rival glow of green and red ;
Then counted sixty apricots
On one small tree. The sweet hour sped."

Then again, just as he is dying to visit the Dean's again, "a long, long week and not once there." Kissing her stolen glove, a note comes in, inviting him to dinner next day :

"The postscript was : her sisters and she
Included some violets, blue and white ;
She and her sister found them where
I wou'der once no violets grew.
So they won the girls, and there
The violets lay, two white, one blue."

After dinner he sat over his wine with the Dean, who granted his consent, provided he could win the maid's. Shortly he tries to indicate the proper epistle. He throws pen aside and wanders forth in distress :

"I went beneath the heated noon,
Until I came where simple and free,
She sat at work ; and as the moon
On Etta smiles, she smiles on me ;
And then grew pale and grave. No more
The Dean by ill-chance had
Came home, and 'Wot' he said in before,
And put his nose upon her lap."

Such vexation ! Again he accompanied the Dean and his daughter to the Railway Station, to see them off in the London train ; and what an exquisite touch is this !—

"She had forgot to bring a book :
I lent one ; blamed the print for old ;
And did not tell her that she took
A Tasso worth its weight in gold.
"I hoped she'd lose it ; for my love
Was grown so dainty, high and nice,
It prised no luxury above
The sense of fruitless sacrifice."

He is in church with—

"And when we knelt, she seemed to be,
An angel teaching me to pray ;
And all through the sweet liturgy
My spirit rejoiced without alloy."

When at a ball—

"Ah ! love to speak was impotent,
Till mouth and tongue concur ;
And I never knew what music meant,
Until I danced to it with her."

The last scene is not less characteristically excellent, disclosing all his sweetness of rhythm, grace of narration, and subtlety of feeling. He

and the sisters were returning from a walk. Mary and Mildred lagged behind, loving "to assist a lover's opportunity."

"Twice rose, twice died my trembling word :
The faint and frail cathedral chimes
Spake time in music, and we heard
The chafers rustling in the limes.

* * * * *

"It was as if a harp with wires
Was traversed by the breath I drew ;
And, oh ! sweet meeting of desires,
She answering owned, that she loved too !
So honest was to be my bride !
The hope of her intent, her eyes were sealed :
The sweet will was, I paused and sighed,
As if success itself had failed.

* * * * *

"The whole world's wealthiest and its best,
So fiercely followed, seemed, when found,
Poor in its need to be possessed,
Poor from its very want of bound.

* * * * *

"But this of making me her lord,
Appeared such passionate excess,
I almost wished her state restored,
I almost wished she loved me less.

* * * * *

"So she beside me sat her down,
Excused from dignity and care,
And I submitted to the crown,
No choice was left me but to wear."

Truly, if it be "Music's mystic property to make dogs and critics howl," as the author says in his epilogue, we would not, for our credit's sake, with the ring of such music as this in our ear, acknowledge ourselves so much in the category, as to carp at any one thing that displeases us in the poem ; but without insinuating that publishers of such taste, as the Boston house named in the title page of the book, could in any degree cater to a false taste in the execution of their press ; we must repeat our protest against the revival of this old-time type, so inelegant are its proportions. The plea of association does not hold here, and there is even a jar in reading of a Railway-train in such characters as these. It is of no great consequence we know, but in the poem itself, redolent of country air as it is, we were painfully reminded of Bow-bells in the true cockney pronunciation, that such rhymes as *laws* and *was* would lead us into—wave.

A FEW MEDIEVAL PAINTERS, is the title of a Review in Fraser's Magazine for March, of "The History of Christian Art," by F. Rio, London. 1854." The Reviewer says, "Pagan art had been imitatively successful in the delineation of form. It had given the varied expressions of passion, of hope and of fear. But through the marble of antiquity no solitary ray gleams forth of that sublimest part of man, which is not of the body, of the intellect, or the heart." It was Christian art which gave expression of the soul, and pursued its way in spite of the dangerous friendship of the Medicis, which would direct it from its path. It worked north across the Alps. The book under review gives a picturesque and enthusiastic delineation of the progress of Painting, from the second to the sixteenth century. The reviewer does not like Rio's preference of the Romano-Christian School to the Byzantine, "which was, undoubtedly, the source of all Christian art." Rio considers this "medieval" painting "the" form

Christian poets took previous to the formation of their languages. Art, with the first Christian painters, was not imitative, but only the means of setting forth Christian doctrines ; and, they revolted against the sensuous expression of human beauty, employed by the Pagan artists. Succeeding Christian painters were more open in their works, and when Christianity became the religion of the empire, their works adorned the sanctuaries. Figures of Christ became common. We actually knew little or nothing of the Saviour's real appearance. There are legends of the third and eighth centuries, one giving an Asiatic, the other an European type, but the description of John of Damascus is entitled to the most credit. The Virgin Mary, now, for the first time, became the prominent subject for painters. When Italian art became effete about the commencement of the ninth century, the Teutonic mind was preparing, for the reception of the seeds, commencing about Charlemagne's time ; with the illumination of manuscripts. Painting on glass, for architectural purposes, soon began.

The thirteenth century may be considered the foundation of real art, when arose the schools of Pisa and Siena under Giunta and Guido, under Byzantine influences, which failed of effect in Florence, where Cimabue and Giotto flourished. Pictures were then a necessity of the age ; they filled a void in the heart."

A new element now entered Italian art's technical skill. Portraiture also took a place in the ranks of art. Art took a new direction under the patronage of the merchant-princes of Florence, and became irreligious, returning to the sensuous expression of the Pagan artists. *Genre* painting and the transference of decorations from churches to palaces, was the sign of the further decadence of Christian art.

Though we smile at the efforts of the infancy of painting, "there is nothing ridiculous in any work, however faulty, in which a human heart has lavished the wealth of its love and its devotion."

MARGARET FULLER AT HOME AND ABROAD.

This stout, neatly-printed volume is sufficiently autobiographical to enable us to trace the career of its authoress during that portion of her life to which it relates, and is accordingly of value as far as it gives insight into the deeds and feelings of a fellow-being, in whom most of us have been interested, and whose melancholy end is still so freshly remembered, as to make any of its associations of interest to those who peruse the record of current events. We say, this, without meaning to deny its merit as a literary production, for there are good sketches of character, and truthful records of observation, in the first portion of the volume, which is a reprint, with the omission of certain episodes, of a record of a journey in 1843, to our great Lakes and the adjacent country ; and is as heartily an apologetical appeal for the Indians as

* At Home and Abroad, or Things and Thoughts in America and Europe. By MARGARET FULLER OSSOL, Author of "Women in the Nineteenth Century," &c. Edited by her brother, ALEXANDER B. FULLER. Boston : Crosby, Nichols & Co: 1856. 12mo. 466 pp.

as the second portion of the book is for the Revolutionizing Italians. This second section is a running commentary on the things she saw, and the thoughts she experienced during her travels in Scotland, England and France; and a sympathetic chronicle of the rise and progress of the Revolutionary movement in Italy in '48 and '49. Being married to a captain of the civic guard, and thus thrown into terms of intimacy with Mazzini and other leaders of distinction, and having the charge of a hospital for the wounded, abiding in the city when all her countrymen but our Envoy had fled, she possessed rare advantages for observation, and her notes became the foundation of a history of the Revolution, which unfortunately was lost in the MS. at the time of her shipwreck. In lack of this more pretentious commentary, we have to recur for the only testimony by her, that we have to those letters pertaining to it, some of which were written in the midst of the bombardment, and which, together with the rest of the section, were originally published at the time in the *New York Tribune*. The whole series is interspersed with memorabilia of famous literary characters and politicians, with whom she met in the several countries.

A few private letters from Europe compose the third part; and the fourth completes the book with accounts of the shipwreck in which she perished; added to which are a few poetical tributes to her memory from Landor, James, Cranch and others.

We propose only to notice some of her opinions on artists and their profession. She gives her stand-point thus:—"I am no connoisseur as regards the technical merits of painting; it is only poetic invention, or a tender feeling for nature which captivates me." In her Lake Tour she observes—"All woods suggest pictures. The European forest, with its long glades, and green, sunny dells, naturally suggested the figure of armed knight, on his proud steed, or maiden, decked in gold and pearl, pricking along them on a snow-white palfrey; the green dells, of weary palmer sleeping there beside the spring, with his head upon his wallet. Our minds familiar with such figures, people with them the New England woods, wherever the sunlight falls down a longer than usual cart-track, wherever a cleared spot has lain still enough for the trees to look friendly with their exposed sides cultivated by the light, and the grass to look velvet warm, and be embroidered with flowers." She lets remembrances of Tieck and his school interfere here plainly enough. Whatever association may do to populate the forest scenery of the Old World in the way she has described, we can hardly think any but a book-stunted mind could ever so desecrate the woods of New England, to the exclusion of associations (if we must borrow for a source of meaning), which are so much more apposite. What naturally attempted imagination could ever call up a booted cavalier with a lady's glove on his helm, in paths where Massasoit led his painted train; or picture a roving crusader, where the council-fires of tribes once smoked? We fear that her appreciation of Nature was

none of the purest. She saw no great blemish in the mills at Niagara. Thus she observes—and others beside Pre-Raphaelites will wonder—that "Art can only be truly art by presenting an adequate outward symbol of some fact in the interior life. But then it is a symbol that Art seeks to present, and not the fact itself!" What, in the name of Nature, must the artist do, poor fellow? Nature, the *fact*, is nothing only as it imparts something which must be symbolized—and this is Art! Don't facts themselves symbolize, and if they can do it in nature, why not let them on the canvas? What better way of symbolization can we possibly have, than by copying Nature's own method? Surely, Madame Osoli was out of her province in Art-criticism, if this is her bent.

She, of course, is confused by Turner's different periods. His earlier pictures she thought "charming, but superficial views of Nature!" Did she expect as the dissector lays open the flesh to disclose the frame and muscles, that the painter would turn up strata, and expose veins in the bowels of the earth? Superficial, indeed! A painter portrays what he can see, which, in his experience, he usually finds to lie upon the surface, we believe. The deepest meaning that ever illuminated a human face, radiated from the outside, and the profoundest sensations with which Nature was ever fraught, have trembled forth from the leaf that all could see, and glimmered over the lake, as if hardly touching it. It only needs that we read aright what we do see." Again, she says, "A great work of Art demands a great thought, or a thought of beauty adequately expressed. In Art an ordinary thought can not be made interesting because well dressed." We suppose she would place under such a category one of these bits of the wood-depths, where a few fallen trunks are heaped upon lichen-clad rocks, just such as Durand could paint. They are commonly enough seen to be ordinary certainly. And well dressed, surely, if by Durand. What then? Why the matter is ordinary, only as the mind that contemplates it, is so. Let that mind be congenial, and even, before such a subject, musing will wander into no ordinary realms. So, speaking of Turner's later pieces, she writes, "Sometimes you saw a range of red dots, which, after long looking, dawned on you as roofs of houses; shining streaks turned out to be the most alluring rivulets, if traced with patience and a devout eye." She had better saved her patience and devotion for a stupid sermon, for a little skill would have done more wonders here. To any one, who knows enough about them to select the proper distance for viewing these pictures of Turner, they never fail to be perfectly intelligible, at least, whatever we may think of their technicalities. Further, she says of Turner, "He's got beyond the English gentleman's conventional view of nature, which implies a *little* sentiment, and a *very* cultivated taste; he has become awake to what is elemental, normal in Nature; such, for instance, as one sees in the working of water on the seashore. It is not picture, but certain primitive and leading effects of light and shadow, or

lines and contours, that captivate the attention;" Turner cannot be denied great power of color, certainly; then, possessing color with light and shadow, lines and contours, what more possibly could he have to make a picture? What more does Nature present to the eye than color, thrown into either light or shade, and described by lines and contours?

With such a basis for appreciation of art, we expect to find something of the mystical and erratic in her estimates of artists, although there is undoubtedly justice in many of her verdicts. She thinks Vandyke's "way of viewing character superficial, though commanding; and that he sees the man in his action on the crowd, not in his hidden life." It is generally thought that they are no superficial traits, which impress the world. Murillo's pictures did not affect her much, "except with a sense of content in this genius, so rich and full and strong. It was a cup of sunny wine that refreshed, but brought no intoxicating visions." Did she want them? She turned a gracious eye on Horace Vernet; De la Roche gave her pleasure with his "simple and natural poesy." She liked "the designs of Crawford better than those of Gibson, who is estimated as highest in the profession now." She thought Overbeck looked "as if he had just stepped out of one of his pictures—a lay monk with a pious eye and habitual morality of thought, which limits every gesture." The Italian painters whom she learned most to appreciate, were Titian and Domenichino. She thinks Guercino a very limited genius. She cannot like Leonardo at all, but supposes his pictures are good for some people to look at; showing "a wonderful deal of study and thought," of which, she hates to see the marks, wishing rather a simple and direct expression of soul. The Moses of Michael Angelo far outwelt her hopes, as nothing else did that she saw.

She has a word also to say on the American Mæcenas, who seems to have a romantic idea about letting artists suffer to develop their genius; and carries his propensity for sharp bargains, without remorse, into the workshops of art, wonderingly asking, "Isn't statuary racy, lately?" She presents, on the other hand, a statement of expenses to be incurred by sculptors in Rome, furnished her by one of the profession. Thus—rent of a suitable studio \$200 a year. The best journeymen carver in marble receive \$60 a month. Models \$1 a day. The higher sculptors receive for a statue of life-size from \$1,000 to \$5,000, according to the composition and accessories. Artists cannot live in Italy for \$300 or \$400 a year, as it is commonly believed in the United States. The Russian government allows its pensioners \$700, which is scarcely sufficient. \$1,000 should be at least, placed at the disposal of every young artist leaving our country for Europe.

In conclusion, we allow the book to be very readable, showing some high qualities of mind, and deserving much partiality, especially in that portion (by far the greater part), in which the letters were written in the hurry of travel.

and excitement of war, without time for revision.

The editor announces his intention, to follow this volume with another, embracing his sister's miscellaneous writings.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.—An Article in the London Quarterly Review. January, 1856.*

"In the revolution of taste which took place in the course of the last century, a new theory of laying out pleasure-grounds was invented, which under the name of Landscape Gardening, for the first time, professed to apply the principles of painting to heighten the beauties of nature." The word "picturesque" designates the elements best suited for it. The ancients, though possessing some feeling for nature, had hardly the sense of the picturesque.

The hanging gardens of Babylon were the prototypes of the modern terraces. The Greek notion of a garden was very simple—fruits and vegetables for the palate, flowers for the smell, and trees for a shade. Roman gardens possessed, as a chief element, porticos and water works, and paths where their occupants took pompous strolls, attended by their secretaries. We have no indications of landscape painting among the ancients; and the only approach to it (on the walls of Pompeii) displays perspective that is positively Chinese in its extravagance. Virgil's poetry all lay in raising pot-herbs. The Emperor Nero was the first landscape gardener deserving the name; but the landscape garden with which he surrounded his house perished with him. Adrian tried to reproduce the Vale of Tempe in his villa-garden, because the landscape feature of it had pleased him; but as the rocks were completely hidden by grass and shrubbery, one element of the picturesque was evidently ignored. Diocletian had a magnificent villa, but he spent all his energies on his cabbage-bed.

The Fairies seem to have been the only gardeners of the Middle Age.

The revival of civilization in Italy brought with it a renewed taste for gardening, which was expended in terraces, hydraulic works, casinos, and porticoes; and although the picturesque was not talked of then, it is clear that architects knew the efficacy of presenting openings of natural scenery. Few specimens of such gardens are now extant, the finest, the Villa Borghese at Rome, and the Villa Doria at Genoa having been destroyed in the civil broils of 1848. In France, Louis XIV. tried to improve on these models, by magnifying their peculiarities, and failed when he produced the monotony of Versailles. England started with the Italian style, but soon made modifications, approximating to an imitation of the irregularities of nature. Sir William Temple compares these incipient attempts to the practice observed among the Chinese, of making a disposition of the parts so that they are not at once comprehended, adding, "that we have hardly any

notion of this style of beauty." This similarity induced the French to interchange the names of *Jardin Anglais* and *Jardin Chinois*. Actually they are two different types—the one nature dressed by art, the other an artificial imitation of nature. "The English garden in its failure degenerates into the Chinese." Literature took the same course, sighing for Nature, and denouncing uniformity. Verdant sculpture was laughed at. Nature was the universal worship, and Kent, "a feeble painter and worse architect," presided over gardens, planting dead trees to diversify his compositions! Thomson's Seasons encouraged this taste for Nature, which dwindled sometimes into littlenesses, as when a gardener turned a key to let a little stream flow over pebbles; or was mixed up with incongruities, as when Chinese pagodas cast their shadows on Christian hermitages. Even genius is apt to fall at last into mannerisms. Mediocrity has nothing but mannerism to rely on from the first. "Improvements" went on, consisting of an artificial piece of water, levelled and smooth ground, and formal clumps. People of taste were aroused by the direction of affairs. Controversies ensued. Price thought that the difficulties would be removed by drawing a distinction between the beautiful and picturesque—smoothness characterizing the one, and roughness the other. The theory of association was also brought into requisition, which, as Sir T. Lauder observes, entirely overturns the hypothesis that there exists any *essential* difference between the Beautiful and Picturesque.

What is the picturesque? As M. Guizot observes, the general acceptance of the word may be more precise and comprehensive than any philosophical definition. "It serves to denote any kind and every variety of beauty, and may be applied with equal propriety to the subjects of Hobbema or Salvator Rosa. Much beauty is beyond the reach of art; that within it, is the picturesque—visible beauty addressed to the eye." The view from the top of a Swiss mountain, without richness of coloring, with monotony of form, and the obscurity of distance, affecting us more from a sense of the sublimity of eternal snows, &c., is poetical and not picturesque. Again, take a placid English river, a watery avenue through uniform margins and rows of alders. Beautiful it is, but lacking what is technically called subject. Lop the overhanging branches into irregularity, and disclose bits of distance, and we have the picturesque.

"In speaking of portrait painting, Wilkie remarks that the painter finds so much in a beautiful face which is beyond his art—the play of countenance—that if he does not flatter the traits which it is in his power to express, he produces a caricature. In landscape likewise the painter must improve his subject, as far as its elements admit, not merely in order to do justice to the beauties of Nature, but to bring them within reach of his powers of expression." A picture must consist of foreground, distance, and middle distance. The landscape gardener must supply these in his work—improving the

middle distance by trees and buildings, and removing others to let in a distance.

"Many an object, not beautiful in itself, may be agreeable in combination. The old women and the boors in Teniers possess no beauty which a real group similarly arranged would not display; the picture is beautiful, the materials of which it is composed are in both equally ugly."

A ruined moss-covered cottage, with an overhanging tree, &c., is picturesque in itself; but the lordly proprietor of a fine mansion cannot be blamed for preferring to see it transferred to canvas, with surroundings in keeping, to having it mar the polished beauty of his palatial grounds, because of its diversity of associative feeling. Again, in accordance with the associative theory, deer are picturesque in park scenery, but would form no happy combination with the rustic home-scenes of Gainsborough, while a shaggy pony or a donkey would. Further, when the landscape requires the relief of color, deer are not so effective (because the ideality lies in their form) as sheep or cattle, which afford the requisite mass. Again, "the want of due subordination of one element to another is the reason why landscapes and figures do not form a pleasing combination. The figures ought to be correctly drawn, but not so elaborately finished as to attract attention. The figures in Turner spoilt the effect of his compositions, because they did attract too much attention, and that in the worst of possible ways, by their ludicrously bad drawing and their preposterous extravagance."

The painter and gardener must both aim for breadth of effect. "Boughs, however graceful, which intercept a view—ivy concealing rich terraces—weeds disfiguring the surface of bold rocks—moss covering with verdure what the painter's eye would prefer seeing in its native colors—all must be remorselessly swept away."

The seeking for the picturesque has produced much elaborate affectation, which would pass for unstudied negligence; whereas, "the principle of the picturesque, properly understood, should be applied to the arrangement of the most formal garden, not less than to the treatment of the most romantic scenery." An excessive craving for Nature would lead to the preference of caves to houses. A garden of undisciplined irregularities is proper for the cave; but as an accompaniment of buildings of pretension, it cannot rightly be debarred a degree of formality—the one setting off the other, as a frame does a picture. Therefore give us the terrace and parterre in the neighborhood of the mansion, less ornate grounds in the middle space, and the wildness of Nature for the distance. Let us put away from being obtrusive, at least, all "rockeries," "stumpries," and rustic decorations, be they Swiss as well as Chinese.

There are a few observances to be named at random. Never put balustrades where they are not needed as on a flat; but on the edge of a terrace, for no addition of beauty can justify an absurdity. Keep a due proportion between the house and garden, both as regards size and

* Sir UVEDALE PRICE on the Picturesque, with an Essay on the Origin of Taste, and much original matter: by Sir THOMAS D. LAUDER, Bart., Edinburgh and London, 1842.

style, for the house is to be seen from the garden, and the garden from the house also. Make glass-houses and such structures unobtrusive. Render your sweeps boldly and not corkscrew-like. Conceal the boundaries of small enclosures by masses of foliage. Alter not Nature to suit an ideal by raising hillocks here, and digging canals there, but be content with making her show herself at the best advantage as she is. Do not think that lawns and glades look bare, for they give variety to wooded scenery, and are no objects of the unbeautiful in themselves. Shun crowding your trees, as well as excessive thinning of them. Damp and gloom from too much adjacent foliage is from association, as detrimental as a too glaring sun. Do not hesitate to cut them away for a fine view. Formal avenues producing vistas, are agreeable, while a straight cutting through a wood to let in a view is painful; but try dexterously to imitate the irregularity of Nature. Cutting gaps in a mountainous stretch of woods will give it no more beauty than pulling out prominent teeth in a meaningless mouth will give it expression. The peculiar beauty of the original wood, if not of a high type, is still by no means ameliorated by such proceedings. Substantiality should characterize the accessories of a house-garden—which is not gained by the so-called *rustic* work. For a bridge, solid stone is best, but the worst descriptions are the trellis and Chinese kinds. They betray a wish to be ornamental and the inability to be grand. Never place the prettinesses of the flower-garden in combination with the bolder features of Nature. A prostrate tree on the margin of an ornamental piece of water is never picturesque, because of the associated sentiment of neglect and desolation, although it may be very much so in a stream of the wilderness, where such sentiments are opposite. So putting artificial ruins in your grounds is objectionable for the same reasons. Finally, be careful of your own idiosyncrasies, and the giving undue prominence to your own preferences.

(From Bartoli's Pictures of Europe.)

RAPHAEL'S MADONNA, AN ARGUMENT FOR RELIGION.

"So I felt, especially before one delineation of the holy mother and her child, Jesus, which makes the pride and glory of the German city of Dresden, and, like the other great pictures in their several places, is set there so that it cannot be removed—if I should not rather say, it is the honor of Europe and the world. The spectator feels, at first, a little curious and puzzled to account for its effects: for this astonishing picture does not seem to have been elaborated with the patient pencil that has wrought so unwearied upon many other famous subjects, but rather to have been thrown off, almost as though it had been in water-colors, by an inspiration of divine genius, in a sudden jubilee of its solemn exercise, with a motion of the hand, at the last height and acme of its attainment. The theme of the Saviour of the world, a babe on his parent's bosom, is of interest not to be surpassed. The dim shine of a cloud of angels flows from behind a curtain into the room, which is equally open to earth or heaven. All heaven indeed, through the ar-

tist's wondrous hinting of innumerable eager faces, seems crowding there to see. 'These things the angels desire to look into.' All earth waits dumbly expectant and mysteriously attentive below. The mother is discovered standing upon the globe with her offspring in her arms. The Pope, anticipated impersonation of the highest human authority, bends his knees with the half-bald, half-hoary head, sending from his lowly posture only an upward, revering glance, while he lays his mitre on the ground, and, as well he may, there lets it lie. A saint stands at the other side, looking down with the humility of a heavenly countenance, yet evidently taking in, with admiring contemplation, the import of the holy scene. Little cherubs from below return their silent, loving gaze to the vision that drops downcast from above. But it is remarkable that the least and youngest figure in this company—regard it from what side you will—is at the head, and in command of the whole. The grey beard of ecclesiastic might, at whose waving thrones were to shake and kingdoms be rearranged, is annihilated before that soft, childish face. The sanctified and mature spirit, that had flown incalculable distances from its upper seat, wears the veil of modesty, and bends into the stoop of worship, before that earthly life just begun. The angels that sang with the morning stars together over the foundations of the world, flock and crowd, as to a sight unequalled even by their old experience, in the ante-chamber, about the door, of their rightful Sovereign, shaped as infancy that cannot yet walk; while the winged seraphs, of age apparently little superior to itself, that have descended from the sky, fall yet farther down beneath the floor, and cling by their beautiful arms to the edge, as, with their sight, they seek from afar their clay-clad companion, yet somehow Lord. The mother herself, that bore what she holds upon her breast, has a countenance in which strange submissiveness mingles with maternal care, and tenderness runs into forethought of future days. The child, as though in him a thousand lines converged, is the centre and unity of the piece; yet without ceasing at all to be a child, in the utmost extent that simplicity and innocence can reach. But, at the same time, there is in his look a majesty peculiar and unrivalled, which seems to justify and require all this angelic and terrestrial deference. In those delicate orbs—shall I ever forget them?—turned full out upon the world, and gentle and unpretending, too, as eyeballs sheathed in flesh ever were or could be, there is, in what manner I know not, by what art or inspiration painted, I surely cannot tell, a supremacy of control which principalities above or below might well fear to disobey, as though that were the final authority of the universe.

"Never before, by any like production, had I been quite abashed and overcome. I could except to, and study and compare, other pictures: this passed my understanding. Long did I inspect, and often did I go back to re-examine, this mystery, which so foiled my criticism, and constrained my wonder, and convinced me, as nothing visible beside had ever done, that, if no picture is to be worshipped, something is to be worshipped: that is to be worshipped which such a picture indicates or portrays. But the problem was too much for my solving. I can only say, it mixed for me the transport of wonder with the ecstasy of delight, it affected me like the sight of miracle: it was the supernatural put into color and form; for certainly no one, who received the suggestion of those features, the sense of those meek, subduing eyes, could doubt any longer, if he had ever once doubted, of there being a God, a heaven, and, both before and beyond the sepulchre, an immortal life. No one, who caught that supernal expression of the whole countenance,

could believe it was made of matter, born of mortality, had its first beginning in the cradle, or could be laid away in the grave, but rather that it was of a quite dateless and everlasting tenure. I would be free even to declare, that, in the light which played between those lips and lids, was Christianity itself—Christianity in miniature for the smallness of the space I might incline to express it, but that I should query in what larger presentment I had ever held Christianity so great. Mont Blanc may fall out of the memory, and the Pass of the Stelvio fade away; but the argument for religion—argument I call it—which was offered to my mind in the great Madonna of Raphael, cannot fail." pp. 201—204.

From "Legends of the Isles and other Poems."
THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME—ADVICE TO ASPIRANTS.

If thou wouldest win a lasting fame;
If thou th'immortal wreath wouldest claim,
And make the future bless thy name;

Begin thy perilous career;
Keep high thy heart, thy conscience clear;
And walk thy way without a fear.

And if thou hast a voice within,
That ever whispers, "Work and win,"
And keeps thy soul from sloth and sin:

If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed;

If thou canst struggle day and night,
And in the envious world's despite,
Still keep thy cynosure in sight:

If thou canst bear the rich man's scorn:
Nor curse the day that thou wert born
To feed on husks, and he on corn:

If thou canst dine upon a crust,
And still hold on in patient trust,
Nor pine that fortune is unjust:

If thou canst see with tranquil breast,
The knave or fool in purple dressed,
Whilst thou must walk in tattered vest:

If thou canst rise at break of day,
And toil and moil till evening grey,
At thankless work for scanty pay!

If, in thy progress to renown,
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown
Of those who try to pull thee down:

If thou canst bear th' averted face,
The gibe, or treacherous embrace,
Of those who run the self-same race:

If thou in darkest days can find
An inner brightness in thy mind,
To reconcile thee to thy kind:

Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come—go on—true soul!
Thou'llt win the prize, thou'l reach the goal!

If not—what matters? tried by fire,
And purified from low desire,
Thy spirit shall but soar the higher.

Content and hope thy heart shall buoy,
And men's neglect shall ne'er destroy
Thy secret peace, thy inward joy.

But if so bent on worldly fame,
That thou must gild thy living name
And snatch the honors of the game,

And hast not strength to watch and pray,
To seize thy time, and force thy way,
By some new combat every day:

If failure might thy soul oppress,
And fill thy veins with heaviness,
And make thee love thy kind the less;

Thy fame might rivalry forestall,
And thou let tears or curses fall,
Or turn thy wholesome blood to gall;

Pause ere thou tempt the hard career—
Thou'l find the conflict too severe,
And heart will break, and brain will sear.

Content thou with meaner lot:
Go plow thy field, go build thy cot,
Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.